

# the OMEN

Hampshire College

*Winner  
by Default*



**the OMEN  
CHAMPION**



**The Forward  
2nd Place**

**Community Council  
LAST PLACE**

October 13th, 2000





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## Omen

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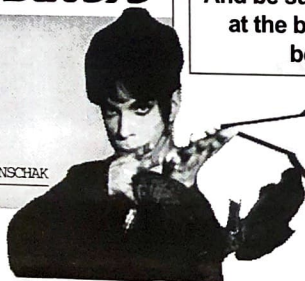
### editors & staff

MichaelPierce	Poop Sex!
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Gabriel McKee	Plushies!
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Karl Moore	Peeing Nazis!
Shaun Boyle	BIIIIG TITTIES!!
Zak Kauffman	Frotterism!
Jeff Paternostro	Smooching a Girl!
	(Yuck!)

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COVER BY J WILDER KONSCHAK



WHY ISN'T  
THERE A COCK  
IN MY  
MOUTH!???

AUNDRIA THEOCLES  
ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

## to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays** before midnight. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [mpierce@hampshire.edu](mailto:mpierce@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

## FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNIPERCE

If you haven't heard yet, Community Council is in shambles. Elected Chair last semester, Sarah Finger resigned at the last meeting, saying that she needed more time for her own studies and didn't want to take on something she couldn't dedicate her whole self to. Although this is a good enough reason to stop doing anything, the fact remains that some personal animosity seems to exist in the Council (especially surrounding this ordeal), and although that is subject for another article, another fact remains that Sarah's recent abandonment has left the Council wondering what its next step will be. With a council made up of less than half of the voting members needed to even run Council in the first place, the question that pops into my mind seems pretty blatant: why the fuck are people leaving Council?

Maybe it's because there are certain people in Council who make Council a bitter, personal battle instead of a professional meeting to discuss matters of the student body. Maybe not.

Maybe it's because Council truly has no power and the remaining members are slowly realizing this. Once again, maybe not.

Since the question asked is a valid one, it is usually a good idea to attempt to find an answer in order to find a solution. However, in this case, an answer may be hard to find since the Council is made up of politicians. Maybe they are good natured ones, but they are politicians nonetheless, caring more about their personal reputations than the students. The community wants answers, but no one is willing to give an honest one, especially when each meeting is now being taped by INTRAN. So, since there is no answer, we will have to skip

to a solution.

My solution: a new Community Council. That's right: Brand Spanking New Community Council. My suggestions for this Council: many. First of all, the remaining members of Council must be dedicated to remaining, and become willing to teach the new members of Council (once elections take place) how exactly Council works, but at the same time, also be willing to step back and let the new members stretch their political tentacles.

Second, Community Council must become more community oriented. Now, before I explain this, I do not entirely blame Community Council for the community's seeming uninterest in the Council and what it does. In fact, I find the community at large to be more the blame. Why? Because no one fuckin' cares about anything other than themselves.

I just don't get it. Hampshire College is synonymous with Freedom, but when offered the freedom, many students take it upon themselves to hide away. People still get through all four years of Hampshire and never really understand the system that runs their education. A lesser number even bothers to become a part of it. So, instead of using their \$33,000 freedom, they abuse it by not doing anything at all. What do they do instead? They smoke pot.

Yeah. All you fuckin' pot smoking assholes out there, why don't you actually do something other than eat all of your modmate's fuckin' food? Go out and become a part of this community instead of baking in your room. Who are you helping by doing this? Oh wait, that's right - you. All you want to help is you. But you know what, all the while you are doing this, the campus is literally falling apart around you. Because you didn't act sooner, Community Council is falling

## policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-monthly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.

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# SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## TOKEN LATINA SAYS: DON'T DRINK THE WATER...

**L**iving in Ecuador has taught me, if anything, how to avoid looking and behaving like a tourist freak. I have spent a considerable amount of time training my eyes to pick out those little signs that say: "I am tourist and/or student pretending to be an anthropologist in a third world country." To that end I can spot a tourist a mile away.

Tourists, while amusing for the most part, annoy us locals, and we love to play devious tricks on them—like steal all their money. Tee hee hee. There is no better sport than to have a tourist innocently end up naked in jail without their American passport. No phone calls for you! It has come to my attention that a good percentage of Hampshire students like to travel to little third world countries and "save" us. Or do "research." So I have decided to give you a few insights as to what researchers from small liberal arts colleges (who are really tourists in disguise) are and how not to be one.

First and foremost, the wardrobe is one of the most telling signs of whether or not you are tourist. Due to "globalization" most people in Latin America just wear jeans and t-shirts. I must confess that we are especially fond of soccer shirts. Tourists have this awful tendency to wear German explorer wear, like Birkenstocks. If I spot some-

one with Birkenstocks, I know s/he is a tourist, especially if they wear the Birkenstocks with thick white socks. Oh how we laugh at the Birkenstocks. We roll our eyes and give them the wrong directions back to their hotel. Dreadlocks are another big indicator that you are a tourist in South America. Along with poor hygiene habits, hippie patchwork clothing...

Tourists tend to also share certain behavioral characteristics, one of which is a constant need to know where to buy/get weed. They like to act all cool about it by using Spanish jargon. We'll find you weed but we will have to overcharge you. Although no matter how much we charge, I happen to know it will never be as expensive as it is here. Another typical tourist behavior is this desperate need to get slobbering drunk. This is especially the case if you are underage in your own country. In Latin America the legal drinking age is 18. Tourists think they are so clever taking advantage of these different drinking laws. They remind me of college freshman drinking openly in the Dakin quad, trying to show off that they are drinking and no one is stopping them or carding them.

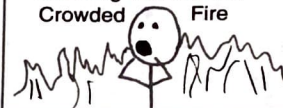
Tourists and students also like to brag about how many shots and medications they had to take before they came

BY LAURA TORRES

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## IF WE GOT CINEMAX I'D SEE MORE BUSH & GORE

Shouting Theatre in a  
Crowded Fire



BY GWYNNE WATKINS

I must have accidentally switched my alarm to "radio," because that morning I woke up to a mid-sentence news brief on NPR.

"And tonight Al Gore will be fielding questions from a panel of Missouri students as part of MTV's 'Choose or Lose' program. When Clinton previously appeared in this forum, the questions included, 'Which do you wear - boxers or briefs?'"

I could hear a faint chortle from the high horse under the announcer's ass.

Now granted, were I given the opportunity to toss one question at "Call me Al (like the song, get it?)" Gore, I probably wouldn't inquire about his underwear preferences. But I wouldn't be above "What's the last CD you listened to?" Or better yet: "Do you have any scars? Can I touch them?"

It seems silly, I know, when there are Important World Issues that will be swayed by this campaign. But come on—who doesn't know what "Big Al" is going to say about abortion?

Who couldn't have predicted that he'd dodge questions about Nader's accusation-heavy platform? Who was shocked when he extolled education as the government's greatest priority because "children are our future?" (I wonder how many spontaneous combustions would have occurred if he'd said, "I can give or take education. I mean, come on, illiterate kids crack me up! They can't read! It's funny!")

Screw the coke habits and

false promises; what our candidates really suffer from is a serious lack of spontaneity.

Take Bob Dole. Four years ago, I was into Elizabeth Dole, but I wanted nothing less than to have her stodgy pro-life word-to-the-conservatives hubby in office. Then this summer, I watched The Daily Show's "Indecision 2000" campaign coverage religiously. Staying-up-late, planning-my-day-around-it, having-sex-dreams-about-John-Stewart religiously. And who was their Republican Convention correspondent, but Bob "my last name sounds like a canned fruit" Dole. And lo and behold, he's fucking hilarious. I mean, not Jerry Falwell hilarious, *intentionally* hilarious. He's eons funnier than Ben Stein.

Now either Lizzie D. has been slipping him the special "happy" Viagra, or this is a side of Bob that never made it to the debates. Jon "I dream about Gwynne too" Stewart tactfully brought this up,

and Bob said something like, "They kept telling me not to be funny, that no one wants a clown in office." Pause. "Nobody wanted what they got instead, either." Bada-dum-bum.

Now, see, *this* is a man I would vote for. A man who can not only make jokes at his own expense, but at everybody else's. He even admitted to being friends with Al Gore. Hell, Michael "I'm too subversive for

my shirt" Moore has admitted to being friends with Al Gore. Al Gore was on *Futurama*, for chrissakes. If everyone can agree on one thing, it's that Al is a great guy. But if he's such a great human being, why is Al so afraid to show the "human" part?

Maybe he thinks that 'the human part' is what got Bill Clinton in trouble. (It was one specific human part, I'll give you that). That 'the human part' cost McCain a primary. And he'd be right. But when I think of presidents past, it is the humanity that separates the headline guys from the footnote guys. It's *important* for a president to be "only human." FDR, JFK, other people with three initials—these guys used their humanity to invite themselves into every American family. And when they cheated, it was like the time Uncle Alfonso got drunk and made a pass at the mail lady. You're disgraced for a while, bring it up at the dinner table ev-

I can give or  
take education.  
I mean, come  
on, illiterate kids  
crack me up!  
They can't read!

ery Thanksgiving, but ultimately you forgive him. He's family.

So I'm all for MTV Choose or Lose. I want Eve and LL Cool J arguing gun control for my

benefit. I want the candidates to become 3-dimensional in my television. I wanna see something real.

And if anyone can do "real," it's MTV. right?

Right?





# MISOGYNIST SAILOR AWARENESS DAY

BY ALYSSA DZAUCES

I'm a bit confused. Because despite my efforts, I can't seem to wrap my mind around the concept of "boycotting" Columbus Day. How am I supposed to boycott a holiday? Go to class? Demand that banks be open? Glare menacingly at my calendar? How can I "boycott" a holiday that I don't even celebrate?

When Columbus Day rolls around I don't dress up like a sailor in memory of those scurvy-riddled seamen. Nor do I break out in interpretive dance depicting Columbus' great journey to the "New World." And despite some of the half-assed things that have come out of my mouth while intoxicated, I can honestly say Columbus' harrowing exploits have never once been brought up during any of my past drunken October Break orgy sessions.

And I have to say the list of Columbus Day alternatives in the library didn't help me in figuring out this "boycott" thing either. One of the items suggested that I celebrate Yom Kippur. Well, I suppose I could take the day and atone for my various sins. But seeing as I come from a Catholic background, it would involve hair shirts, Hail Mary's, and self-flogging. And since I left my rosaries at home and I much prefer whipping others, I don't see this as a viable option.

I think the problem here is with the word "boycott." The word means to abstain from or unite with others in abstaining from using, buying, or dealing with something. To try and tell people that they should try and boycott a holiday implies that they are actively engaged in Co-up during any of my past drunken October Break orgy sessions. And really,

when was the last time anyone bought a Christopher Columbus trading card or commemorative plate? Or looked with eager anticipation to gleefully constructing paper plate Santa Marias?

But what I think it all boils down to is this. The day isn't about worshipping Columbus, it's a day to sleep in and maybe ponder a little bit about history. And you can challenge and "boycott" the notion of Columbus Day until your heart's content. You can change the man to Indigenous Peoples Day, or Misogynist Sailor Awareness Day and plaster the campus with shoddy poster board signs. Hell, you can even picket JC Penny's during their annual Columbus Day Whites sale.

It doesn't matter. As long as we still get it off I don't give a damn.



## continuations

FROM PAGE 4

here. The ironic part is that they get sick anyway. Typical tourist topics of conversation include but are not limited to: "dude the rainforest is really hot and has big bugs and I had an allergic reaction to my Ecuadorian sunblock," "blue-footed boobie," that is a crazy name for a bird...ha ha...boobie...., "I have amoebic dysentery," "I am so sunburned," "I work for the Peace Corps," or "I go to 'X' college and I am studying Gender issues in 'X' village."

That said, I am off to work on including field-study of the Hampshire natives of Enfield in my Div II. I am hoping to incorporate a new and innovative way of building a covered bridge that will link mod 48 to mod 49 saving the inhabitants the trouble of having to cross the treacherous bike path in the rain. I am hoping to blend in by wearing typical American fashions such as Abercrombie and Fitch.



## TOKEN LATINA

### WELCOME TO SOUTH AMERICA



article goblins rot naked in a terrifying South American Prison owned by Jean Claude Sedexo.

# TOM STOPPARD AND \$8.00 CABANA HATS

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

I walked down to the library the other day to pick up a copy of *The Real Thing* by Tom Stoppard, and when I went to check it out, everyone's favorite *Omen* editor and stalwart supporter of INTRAN, Benni Pierce, mentioned that he had never heard of Tom Stoppard. So I was like, "Holy Fuck!" Benni Pierce has never heard of the greatest playwright of the last four hundred and fifty years!

But it got me to thinking, and I have concluded two things: {1} Benni looks like a real tool in his cute glasses. {2} You never know who will be remembered in the future. Like Eminem: sure he's hot now, but in ten years, who knows. I mean rappers don't always have a great shelf life. Remember Nas? Or how about PN News?

Ah, PN News. The wonders of early nineties WCW (World Championship Wrestling). They were pretty damn bad. And PN News is a prime example of that.

His big gimmick was that he was a very fat man who would come out and rap before his matches. Not to be confused with the WWF's really fat wrestling rappers, Men on a Mission. I could go on about the gimmick v. character debate in Pro Wrestling that almost caused the WWF to go bankrupt around 1995-96, but I'll try to remain somewhat on topic this week.

The problem with PN News is he sucked, bad. He was just a fat man who rapped and

then tried to wrestle. He never got over with the fans because he was simply a gimmick, not a character. For example the Rock is a character. PN News was a gimmick, a wrestling rapper. That defined his character; he never had a chance. He could have been a contender. He did have the honor of being in the worst opening match of the worst PPV ever, Great American Bash 1991, which saw him crawling around on a scaffold twenty feet above the ring, playing capture the flag against "Beautiful" Bobby Eaton.

Which brings me to the meat of my article. On my way back from the library, I got to thinking about wrestling gimmicks, and I wondered about a person with the Hampshire student gimmick. It's gold, I say! Who wouldn't love a wrestling lesbian who gave entirely PC interviews and picked matches involving wrestlers who some how indulged in racial stereotypes or used PC-unfriendly language? I know pro wrestlers just don't use the world "paradigm" or "community norms" enough when they talk. We would need entrance music of course; "Fuck You" by Ani Difrancos springs to mind. And of course, we could come up with cute names for all her moves, the huricuntran, the tope con dildo, the Tiger Driver

69. Hmmm, have you ever seen Rikishi's Stinky Face? Well, the Hampshire student gimmick could liberally (ah, the entendre) use the "spunky face." Use your imagination people. She would be accompanied to the ring by GALA, the Ralph Nader public relations team and contra dancers. Lots of contra dancers.

The Hampshire Student wrestling gimmick, (hmmm, she needs a name) let's call her Alundra Morningstar Lynch, would of course try to form a wrestler's union, and despite not having any actual in-ring talent, would still stay on, due to her threats of a Title IX suit should she be fired, claiming discrimination on every possible ground of social inequity, due to her not being a white male, 18-45, making at least 75,000 dollars a year

who watches *Frasier* and belongs to a well-regarded Christian denomination. Withstanding, of course, the fact that she can't even properly execute a power bomb without blowing the spot.

Nothing like playing on the stereotypes, eh? Not like Hampshire students would know anything about that.

Kids, hypocrisy is not a toy. Until next time, I continue to download Real Player clips of Yoshihiro Tajiri's "swank" Asai moonsault.





# CONCERTS I HAVE KNOWN



## Section ZOLE



BY MICHAEL ZOLE

My absentee ballot arrived today. It inspired me to write a column about politics. But then it hit me: I hate politics. The only reason I'm voting this year is that I don't want our president to be a dumbass of epic proportions. So no political column this time. Instead, I will tell you about the concerts I've been to. Yeah, it's kind of a list. I'm sorry.

**Steely Dan** (Great Woods, later renamed the Tweeter Center) I saw these guys in 1993, 1994, and 2000, which is a lot of shows considering they broke up in 1980. Steely Dan was actually the first band I ever listened to; I was about 10, and before that I wasn't really too interested in music, except for the Transformers theme song. Why I got hooked on 70's jazz-fusion instead of the 80's pop crap my friends listened to is beyond me. All three Steely Dan shows were pretty good, although the 2000 one was the best, as my dad ran into an old friend of his who turned out to be a good friend of the band and we got VIP seats.

**R.E.M.** (Fleet Center, Boston, 1995) I feel weird writing about R.E.M. When I write a sentence that ends in their name, am I supposed to add another period? Or is the one after M enough to end the sentence? At any rate, I went with my dad (again) and my aunt. The opening band was Grant Lee Buffalo; our seats were on the second balcony, next to last row. Michael Stipe didn't even realize there was a second balcony until halfway through the show. This was during the *Monster* tour, and by the time they came to Boston,

three of R.E.M.'s four members were injured one way or another (aneurysm, hernia, etc.). It didn't seem to matter; they put on an excellent show. They were loud. Mother of God, they were loud.

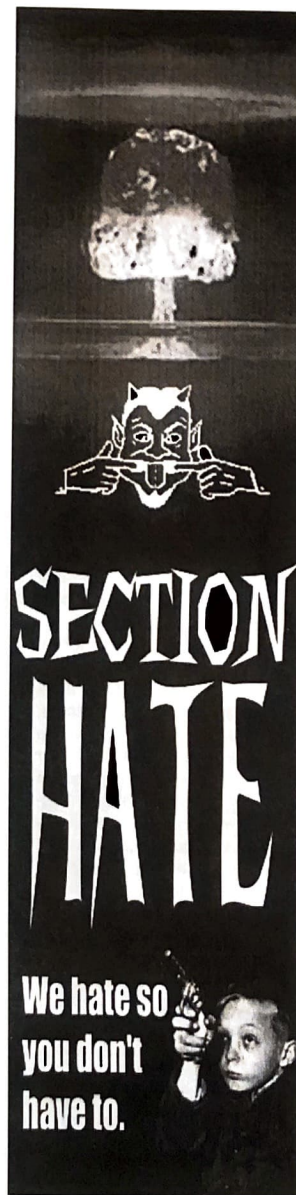
**Pipebomb, Polyglot, and Loga** (Freeport Grange Hall, 1995) This was basically a Freeport High School event; I went with my friend and FHS student Noah. The first band, whose name was never announced, basically jammed loudly and lyriclessly until they felt they had gotten their message across. They had a female bassist who did not look too happy to be there. Loga was missing their bassist but they were only too happy to play as a two-piece. Their music belonged to the genre of "extremely loud bits alternating with really quiet bits". Polyglot was a hardcore band, and people didn't seem to like them, despite the singer's great wit ("We're doin' all Slayer covers tonight"). Pipebomb was supposedly the headliner, but Noah's mom showed up to take us home before they went on.

**Primus** (Central Maine Civic Center, Lewiston, 1996) Again, Noah and I were not allowed to attend shows unsupervised, so I went to see Primus with my dad. They were touring in support of *Tales From The Punchbowl*, so it was their last tour with their awesome drummer, Herb. Bassist Les Claypool proved that he was the coolest human being ever. When an unidentified member of the crowd threw a shoe at Les' bass, Les halted the band to suggest that if anyone in the crowd felt an impulse to throw an object

onstage, they should instead curb that impulse and shove said object up their ass. After the show it took us half an hour to get out of the parking lot, which was actually a field of mud. The opening band was the Cows, but who cares?

**Smashing Pumpkins** (Cumberland County Civic Center, Portland, 1997) I actually met Billy Corgan the day before this concert. He was looking through the used CD section of a Portland music store where I was loitering with my friends. I gave him my birth announcement (a yellow card with my name and birth weight that my parents printed up after I was born) and he said he would keep it for good luck. The actual show was okay, except they played all of 3 songs that weren't from *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* and they closed with was a one-hour jam during which Billy started rambling about how a flower is still a flower when you strip away the petals. Well, *duh*. The opening band was Garbage and yes, my dad came to this one too.

**The Bus People** (Waynflete Student Center, Portland, 1998) This was actually a show at my high school; The Bus People consisted of me on bass, the aforementioned Noah, and our drummer Mark, who is easily the loudest drummer in the history of percussion. We only played four songs, but we made 'em last; during one song Noah ran to the bathroom while Mark did a drum solo. When the song finally ended, my classmates *cheered*. It was the best concert ever.



We hate so you don't have to.

## continuations

## FROM THE EDITOR

apart, student liberties are being taken away, and before you know it, because of dumb shits like you, we are going to be taking tests and quizzes soon just so Hampshire College can afford to stay open for another two years. And I mean this - SERIOUSLY.

With that said, I feel that Community Council needs to reach out to these pot smokers and hippies and activists and get them involved. I believe that the Council needs to be recognized by the community at large. Everyone in Dakin should know who their Council representative is and where they live. The same goes for Greenwiche, Prescott, etc. I believe that Council should put out a bi-weekly newsletter, maybe one page long, in SAGA, the post office, or better yet, in each person's post office box. It might end up being a waste of paper, but it could never be as much of a waste as the *Forward* each time it prints.

I believe that Community Council meetings should be moved into SAGA on Tuesday afternoons at 3:30, bi-weekly (which is when the Council currently meets). I believe that people should be able to get into SAGA for free on those days between 3:15 and 3:45. Even if they weren't to join the meeting, at least the community (the dorms and mods) would come together for one time every couple weeks to see people that they've maybe never met before.

I believe that SAGA also needs some media present in its fine establishment. It either needs multiple TVs with INTRAN playing, or it needs a large message board displaying campus events,

meetings, Community Council dialogue, etc.

With this in mind, I believe that INTRAN should be used to hold live debates between the upcoming candidates in the Community Council elections. I believe that the campus should be informed about who they are electing into council. This is important. Council truly does have as much authority and power as the members give to making council work. The Council could disappear, or it could actually make decisions that affect YOU.

I also feel that Community Council needs to get more of the higher-ups to start showing up. Council is supposed to have four Faculty members at each bi-weekly meeting. I've been to two, and I don't know if any have shown up yet. The faculty have to take it seriously in order for the students to take it seriously. Have Greg Prince come to a meeting or something - that ought to bring the people to you.

Community Council directly affects housing policy, the community norms on campus, as well as heading and delegating the subcommittees: FiCOM and COCD being the two that fund student groups and allow you to get free pizza or buy permanent equipment. How could you not want to be a vocal part of the one group on campus that can affect how much free stuff you get, you dumb fucks?

Why do I even care, you ask? Well you know what? I don't. I really don't care. In fact, when everyone on campus begins to not care, and hide themselves away in their little plastic rooms puffing

FROM PAGE 3

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## FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM

I hereby diagnose this college with severe "practicaphobia." I invented that word, and I imbue it with this meaning: **feared of being, discussing, or listening to practical matters of any kind.** This is a chronic disorder that infects the higher functions of the brain and trickles down into each and every dendrite; from the President down to you and me.

In examining this, I'll skip over such minor symptoms as admissions (who lost my paperwork twice), and financial aid, (who will delay telling you there's a problem with your forms until they can stiff you a paycheck for it). We won't talk about Community Council (where they can talk for two hours about the most democratic way to think of an answer, and never actually think of possible answers) or any of those higher function matters. All colleges have periodic lapses in these complex roles. Let me, instead, focus on matters that *should* run relatively smoothly. Primarily: Training, or the teaching of practical information in a short time.

Last summer, I was trained as a Guest Services Employee at a large Amusement Park. It took about two days, and when it was over, I knew how to do my job. I didn't know theories about why my job was important or why doing things a certain way was wise; but I knew how to do it. Later, after I'd had actual experi-

ence, I learned the theories and even developed my own methods for solving problems. It worked *really well*. Hampshire might learn a few lessons from this Amusement Park on how to teach people.

Let me show you what I mean. I had the agony of being trained as a Hampshire College Orientation Leader. Orientation Leader Training constituted one long, painful day, from nine to five, last semester. During that day, we sat and listened to suggestions on things like, "How to Fill-out Your Self-Explanatory Forms," and "Things To Do Except Drink With Your Group." Of course, each presentation was cooperative and "entertaining," where in we'd commiserate with small groups and hang signs on the wall with our results. It was innovative. It was active. It was lame. I learned *nothing*.

No one really has the answer. I sometimes doubt if the answers exist.

Then, they called us back at the close this summer for THREE days of "further" training. The three days were filled with what I would have labeled: "Everything We Did in One Day; But Much, Much Slower." We heard everyone's theory on what would make a good group experience. We heard everyone's theory on group dynamics. We heard everyone's theory on leadership methods. What we NEVER heard was one iota of practical information. I re-

member one speaker that stopped on the precipice of something useful, and said, "I'm sorry if I'm boring everyone with all these technical details. I'll rush through this." No! Let's go over this Self Explanatory Medical Report Form instead.

(Aside: Why does this college think that training is telling someone how to fill out FORMS? Forms are supposed to be there so you don't NEED training. You might train us to fill out a special hand-written essay-style report. If you don't have the time to do that, you give us a FORM, so we don't need training. I would like to congratulate FICOM on realizing this and not explaining the forms again at Signer Training).

In short, I spent FOUR days training to orient these students, and they never told me where to pick them up! It never crossed their minds to give that bit of info. Luckily, the administrators must have had a "Meeting Place Speak Out," because a few hours before pick-up time, someone wrote the solutions on big pieces of paper and hung them around the library.

Which brings me to my second point: even the faculty isn't immune from this mind-blowing fear of saying something worthwhile. The head of my Div II committee is a new faculty member, and this year is an advisor for the first time. Unfortunately, she and I slammed into a bit of Hampshire Bullshit, and I had the pleasure of learning

FROM LAST PAGE

about New Advisor Training.

While she's on the phone, for the fifth time, looking for an answer: "They didn't tell me about this shit at Advisor Training. I sat in that damn room for a week, and they couldn't tell me about the actual system? I don't know if I've got to sign something or fill something out. What is this? Fuck this. I listened to (so-and-so) babble about his vision of an ideal Hampshire, and sat through films on caring and problem solving, and they couldn't tell me what I've got to sign and when? What is this? Hello? Can you tell (so-and-so) that he's an idiot? Tell him I want to complain about the uselessness of New Advisor Training. I don't care where I could have looked it up! If I could have looked it up, why have the goddamn training?"

Of course, the person she talked to didn't have the answer either. No one really has the answer. I sometimes doubt if the answers exist. In the end, everything works here because someone does a favor for someone else, and two or three people take on the burden of fixing every problem. The ultimate form of practical information is Organization. This school has little to none.

So, I'm left wondering why no

one does anything about this. I know there's a huge chunk of us who'd like to get our work done so we can sleep, who'd rather keep the theories in the realms of art and society and mathematics, instead of in the realm of, "How Do I File Div II?" "Filing Div II? Well, I personally think it's sort of like a Platonic Ideal. You can file by many methods, but there is an ideal method, which exists in a sort of realm of Ideals. When you refer to filing for Div II, I can only access that Ideal, and so cannot answer questions pertaining to your Div II, since it is a real-world thing."

Why must it be this way? Well, one of my friends went to a meeting where administrators and faculty were discussing what was wrong with Hampshire. She raised her hand and said that Hampshire had a simple problem: they never told anyone what a Div I really was, what a Div II really was, what a Third World Expectation really was. They told them what they *might be*, but what those things turned out to be was totally different. The audience supported her statement.

However, on the way out, my friend was pulled aside by our President, Greg Prince. "I'd like to say something about your suggestion," he said. "You know, it's true that Hampshire doesn't give any answers to questions like that ... but I believe that that's what Hampshire's all about. Looking for the answers for yourself. Searching. Exploring. Finding the way. It's a wonderful way to learn." It also sounds like a wonderful 1984 way to keep things from getting changed. But that's just a conspiracy theory...

In other words, next time you're screaming at the world because you can't get a simple answer to, "Who can approve my Community Service!?" or worse, "How do make a new activity worth Community Service Credit?" just sigh and grin and hug yourself warmly. You're being trained in the Hampshire System of Chaos. It's not a practical way to train someone ... no, it's a fucking stupid way to train someone ... but it's training nonetheless.



*nihilistic translations*

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST V. by M. Zole

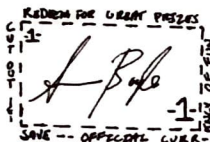
<p>POLITICS.</p> <p>1</p> <p>We're clearly BILLIARD BALLS.</p>	<p>I AM PRO-GUN CONTROL.</p> <p>I AM NOT.</p> <p>1</p> <p>But Zole has given us LIFE and FREE WILL.</p>	<p>THIS WILL MAKE THINGS ANNOYED.</p> <p>1</p> <p>Nice. Very Nice... Way to spread around the SUFFERING, Y'BIG VOMIT FACE!</p>
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DAMN YOU ZOLE

Damn you to hell!

MORE ON NEXT PAGE





FILM CRITIC  
FOR HIRE

## LIFE IS MEANINGLESS

**E**ditor's Note: This article was found crumpled up in the Omen's mailbox several days after the new group funding meeting. It was translated by Omen technicians from the original manuscript which consisted of cocktail napkins stapled together. Shaun "Film Critic for Hire" Boyle has not been seen since he found out the Satellite Television Collective was not going to be funded. He is presumed dead.

Do you know what pain is? Do you know how it feels to have your dreams smashed into several thousand pieces, doused with kerosene, lit on fire, pounded into a fine powder, and then snorted like cheap cocaine? Do you know how it feels to have bamboo shots shoved under your fingernails? Do you? I didn't think so...

Fucking Ficcom...they didn't even read the charter...it just wasn't about having satellite television. No, it was about Globalization and the effects of the American media on countries just being exposed to television. Yes, I wrote the charter in less than five minutes but it sounded really, really good when I skimmed through it...

### FROM THE EDITOR

away, I'm in the library studio, making *Omen TV*, or putting together the recent issue of the *Omen*, or making sure that INTRAN has plenty of good stuff that I've made on it at all times. I mean, just because no one else is willing to put some effort

The Women's Center could have watched Lifetime...and the WWC could have watched WCV on TNT...The Basic Character Flaws could have watched that one channel where comedy is central...I could have watched *Designing Women* and the *The Golden Girls*...The Cooking Collective (yes, those bastards got funding) could have watched a network dedicated to cooking if such a network existed...

It just wasn't about watching satellite television. Having a satellite brings with it a lot of responsibility. I would be like a lighthouse keeper, on call 24 hours a day. "We can't watch *Picket Fences*, the signal is scrambled," someone would say over the radio. Quickly I would run to my golfcart and race over to the satellite fixture. There I would climb the hundred flights of stairs to access the dish and finally I would change the coordinates, assuring that the quirkiness of *Picket Fences* could be fully enjoyed.

Along with manning the satellite dish 24/7, I would also host discussions about globalization and the effects of the American media on developing nations.

**Me: Thank you all for coming. Please help yourself to Triscuits and cheese whiz. Now let's talk about globalization.**

**A Div 3: Let me be the first to thank you, Shaun. Your satellite television collective has provided a valuable research tool for my Div 3.**

**Me: What's your Div 3 on?**

**A Div 3: "The Social Ramifications of Magnum P.I. on Landlocked Countries in South America."**

I followed a dream and then saw my dream spat and pissed upon. How could such a thing happen at Hampshire College? To make matters worse, my own peers on "The Omen" decided to make a mockery of my collective by using the Article Goblins to make fun of me. Sure I can make jokes but I just can't stand being the butt of jokes. Thus, I've decided to leave the goddamned *Omen* and write for *The Forward*, Hampshire's most respectable, dependable, most trustworthy, most aesthetically pleasing, and accurate publication. I present to you my final Omen film review:

**Meet the Parents**- It was funny. The end.



### continuations

just have to fucking take over and show you just how the Editor-in-Chief of the *Omen* would run it.

Don't make me bitch slap all of you and your moms too just to get you off your asses.



## PEOPLE ARE RIDICULOUS



BY KEELY RYNN

**P**eople here are ridiculous. Even the graffiti has that air of utter pretension with the appropriate level of "concern" for the "issues." The super-feministic scrawls in the restroom stalls, of all places, are getting a touch old. Let people relieve themselves in peace!

Who gives a damn if it's just a mans world out to hold me down? Who is this girl that is so easily angered by skirts? I like skirts! This does not make me submissive, or straight, or a lesbian, or a sexist male, or a Marxist, or Slavic. It just means that I like skirts and rather dislike being preached- or whined- to in the powder room of any facility on Hampshire's campus.

You know, for a bunch of people who bitch about being labeled, you sure have no qualms about dishing it out.

Parking is currently sucking on campus as well, but that's no reason to screw it up even more with your stupidity. People will take their chances by parking their vehicles on the grass, on their sides, on top of other illegally parked cars- AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN THE FIRST ROW.

Screw the fact that less than two rows away there might be an empty space- you will not park there. Disregard entirely the fact that the total cubic feet from that space to your eventual destination is at

least twenty feet closer than that of this erratic, artful parking, you will STILL feel this throbbing urge to park in the first row.

You are so weird. First-years who don't know what to do in a situation where there may be drugs and/or alcohol; heres a great idea. Why don't you mix as many illicit substances as possible and do entirely too many of them, in as visible a location as you can muster? This way, youre proving what an idiot you are, AND youre putting the school in a great deal of risk.

Word of advice to those in charge? Let em do it. Two things could happen: Provided that they survive the night, they'll most likely never do anything again involving stuff harder than Vicks Vapo-Rub, or they'll just wipe themselves out.

Whoops, one less asshole at the school. Harsh? Sure, but think about it. If we were going to get sued anyhow for the dim-witted antics of a student who, by the way, was never coerced into mixing smack and acid, we might as well ensure that they aren't coming back. Hey, lifes just

one tough lesson after another, aint it?

One last barb- if youre totally offended at this, keep in mind that I planned it that way. Oh yes, everything that we here at the *Omen* scribble out is aimed at you. Why not be offended?

If youre white, then were clearly categorizing you and blaming you for every evil. If youre not and I didnt mention you, then that clearly shows my lack of sensitivity towards people with lisps. People on this campus will see what they want to see in any given issue of the *Omen*.

Why?

Because they apparently have nothing better to do with their time. Go to class! Suck it up and move on with your collective lives!

...if youre totally offended at this, keep in mind that I planned it that way. Oh yes, everything that we here at the *Omen* scribble out is aimed at you.

If we intend to piss you off, rest assured that we will: but we'll use your real name, campus box number, and affiliations of choice.

We dont usually deal

in subtlety.

And why should we? Most of you are too dumb to get it, anyhow.





# TEN HUT

Referring to the military as a single, monolithic entity has been something that's grated on me since my first day at Hampshire. For a college that's desperately tries to avoid stereotypes, it has done servicemen and women a great wrong. Not all who enlist are no-necked buffoons. In fact, most of them I met resemble, well, college students. The first LARPs (Live Action Role-Players) I met were in the Air Force, as well as the first players of Magic: The Gathering. Granted, there were times when it seemed like one huge intercontinental frat, with the requisite amounts of drinking and dipshittery. But I digress. People in the military are just that people. Not "tools of the system" or any of that other bullshit. They think, and feel and, work—just like you. They've elected to serve their country, which after all the hue and cry and argument remains the tiniest bit ennobling.

Sure, there are rules—lots of them in fact. Rules governing appearance—imagine! No more walking around in raggedy-ass clothing held together with ungody amounts of safety pins. Your clothing is paid for, and it's tailored to fit you.

Hair dilemmas are also no-issues. No more having to decide between a cheap dye job or ungody stinking dreadlocks—you receive a neat, easy to maintain crew cut, or for the ladies, a perpetual bun. Then, there is compulsory physical fitness—methinks you'd have an easier time accepting your body if you were actually out exercising instead of sitting on your ass yammering about the evils of Madison

Avenue. And you don't have to cook! That's right—all your meals are prepared for you; and should you elect to prepare your own meals, you can purchase them tax-free at the on-base commissary, which has lower prices than any Wal-Mart. You also get to travel, completely free. There are bases all throughout the US, but for a truly eye-opening experience, go overseas—there's only so much multicultural perspective you can get in a Hampshire classroom. And who knows? Once you see U.S. imperialism up close, you might just find that it isn't so bad.

Military life isn't all push-ups and oppression of other countries. There is a lot of downtime that can be filled productively through college classes at night—courtesy of the University of Maryland, Ohio State or Oklahoma State University. Or you could fill your time pursuing whatever it is you want to do. Authors Hunter S. Thompson and Thomas Pynchon are former servicemen, and they could hardly

...there's only so much multicultural perspective you can get in a Hampshire classroom.

be accused of doing The Man's dirty work. A lot has changed since *Full Metal Jacket*. If typical modern military life could be encapsulated in a movie, it'd be an incredibly boring nothing like *Three Kings*, and go a little something like this:

George Clooney:

That new Blackhawk we got? It's fucked. I think there's a hydraulic leak in the rotor casing.

Ice Cube.

Yeah. You know what was a cool movie? *Patriot Games*.

George Clooney:  
Yup. I hear Clancy's got a new one coming out.

Repeat 40 hours a week, 52 weeks a year.

The National Guard probably gets the most action of any of the sector of the military—when they're not quelling dissent, know what they're doing? Fighting wildfires, floods, and other natural disasters, and aiding in the recovery of the victims.

If you're screaming, "But I don't wanna die!", relax and shut up. If you've got at least one or two live brain cells treading on the sea of booze under the haze of pot smoke up there, you won't be in a position of immediate danger. Ground combat troops make up a very small, very dumb part of the United States military—there are thousands of positions which don't involve shooting or getting shot. The largest portions of the manpower in the Armed Forces are dedicated to things like supply and logistics. That's right—there are more clerks, accountants, computer technicians, and mailmen in the US military than all the infantry combined. If you don't want to do that, there are thousands of other positions available for pretty much any job you could think of. If you've always wanted to try your hand a trade, the military will pay to train you learn it! What morons! They'll pay for you to attend college for free!

I'm not in the military 'cause I'm a hypocritical dick, plus it got a little old after 17 years living around it. But don't knock it 'till you've tried it, ladies and germs. God bless America.



BY AUNDRIAL THEOCLIS

Let me just say: I last promised you that I had more to add to my Sting story. Here's the background on this part: My mom, being the coolest woman in the world, won me tickets to the Sting concert in Hartford this summer. But the coolest part was—I also got tickets to the sound check.

My good pal Rena and I arrived at the Meadows with a bit of time to chill before the sound check started. The radio station that my mom had won the tickets from was there broadcasting live, and having all these obnoxious Sting fans come sing songs to get better seats. Rena and I made fun of the starfuckers—secretly wishing we could get upgraded seats without making asses of ourselves. A commercial came on the station, and the goofy-ass DJ hopped out from behind the table and, how hip, roller bladed around the place, thinking he was completely The Shit. Rena and I had moved away from the broadcast table, sitting as far away from the screeching starfuckers as possible. We watched as the DJ skated over to us.

DJ: Hellooooo ladies.

Us: (*unimpressed with his celebrity*) Yeah, hi...

DJ: Where are you sitting?

Us: Um, right here.

DJ: Wah-ha-ha! (*his laughter implies we are funnier than 'That 70s Show'—which we are*) Naw, I mean at the concert, silly!

Us: Far away.

DJ: Well ladies, how'd you like to be (*making quote marks*) "upgraded?"

Us: (*we are now interested*) Hells yes!

DJ: Give me your tickets. (*we hand 'em over, and he pulls out two*

*tickets from his jacket and hands them to us*). There ya go.

Us: We don't have to sing?  
DJ: Nope. Have fun girls. (*he skates away, as if on a cloud*)

We look at the tickets and see we are about 35 or so rows closer than before. We love the DJ. He is our hero. He is The Shit.

We finally get herded into the arena, and are told to sit about 100 rows back from the stage. "What the hell?" everyone is asking. "Why do we have to sit so far back? We can barely see the stage!" The uptight assholes who run the Meadows wouldn't give us a reason, so mostly everyone shut up and waited for Sting to come out while his band warmed up. Rena and I marveled about how the trumpet player closely resembled Jude Law.

So after what seemed like a decade, this tall blond man strolls out onto the stage, wearing no shoes, sweatpants, a t-shirt, and drinking a beer. The first thing he did was look out at us, placing his hand above his eyes.

"Why the hell are you sitting so far back?" he asked. "I can't see you. Com'on up here!"

That was people needed to hear. Women in their forties vaulted over row after row of chairs to get close to the man. It was hilarious. R & I made it into the third row, afraid of being trampled by the psychotic masses.

Sting talked for a while, and finally got around to rehearsing. After a couple songs, he asked if any of the audience wanted to come up singing with him. You must understand—I cannot sing. Not well anyway. I can sing Fiona Apple's "Criminal" like a champ, but that's the beginning and end of my repertoire. Rena can sing pretty well. So I figured she'd be all gung ho to sing with Sting when I

raised my hand to volunteer us.

Instead she grabbed my air out of the sky, asking me what I was thinking.

"Sing! Let's sing with Sting!" She shook her head. "Fuck no."

There was no convincing her! Meanwhile, women were running up onto the stage, touching Sting's beautiful arms and getting all hot and bothered. It was gross. But I still wanted to be up there. Finally, I was able to pull her up outta her chair and we started to walk up to the stage.

"I'm sorry ladies—" R & I turned to the stage, as the British voice continued to roll through the amphitheater like maple syrup. "I'm sorry girls, but you just waited to long. There are too many people up here now. Sit back down and relax."

I don't remember which one of us said it, or what exactly we said, but it was something to the effect of "Please Sting. Please let us sing with you. We'll never get to do this again!"

He laughed, smiled, and said, "There will *always* be a next time girls."

We stood stunned, and then slid back into our seats sheepishly. R & I looked at each other and grinned. Score.

*Epilogue:* So I'm reading my story now and it's anti-climactic as all hell. Anyway, the concert was fantastic, even though he didn't play too many Police songs. If you feel so inclined, write up and send your groupie stories to me. (Box 1179) I like to read about people more pathetic than myself, as rare as an occurrence as that is.





# ZAK The Omen Maniac

## DOG

BY ZAK KAUFMAN

"You bastard mother fucking dog". As usual at 3:00, the old man verbally berated his dog.

"Look at yourself, sitting there with that glazed look in your eye, waiting for me to feed you or for permission to shit. ME, AHUMAN! The fucking enemy! You should be ashamed of yourself, letting yourself be domesticated like this."

The dog, Herbert by name, watched the man with unwavering love and devotion.

"Nothing to say in your defense? I didn't think so. There is no excuse for the life you've chosen." The old man rapped on the window with his cane. "You should be out there with your pack, hunting down and killing bastards like me. Tearing my throat out and pissing on my carcass."

The old man leaned down and exposed his neck. "What, nothing? No, I didn't think so."

Herbert decided that the time for master staring was over and that the time for ball licking had begun, a task he set to with extreme vigor and determination.

"You're supposed to be free, living by your wits and savagery, not cooped up in here with an old bas-

tard. Think of the life you could have. Leading a pack, killing and eating anything that fucked with you, having your pick of the bitches. You could've lived like a god! But you traded it all for a roof, regular meals, and the occasional Snausage. You're a traitor to your race and I'm ashamed to know you!" The old man spat on the floor.

Herbert's attention was momentarily snapped away from his balls upon hearing 'Snausage'. Upon realizing that there were no Snausages to be had at the moment he returned to his balls, for they desperately needed licking.

The old man continued. "We had traitors like you in Germany. We called em the French! But you're beneath even them."

The cat, Jessica by name, wandered aloofly into the room and began to scratch against the couch. The old man continued his lecture.

"At least the cat over there holds me in proper disdain, occasionally exacts her petty protests. Does she come running, tail wagging whenever I open a can? No, she comes at her own time, refusing to give me the satisfaction of seeing her eat off the ground. Does she beg at the corner

of the bed every night to be let up? No she doesn't. She waits until I fall asleep, and then she tries to kill me, choking the life from my shriveled lungs. And when I crack her over the head with my cane, does she give up? No, she tries again the next night, because she's a warrior, and she has pride and dignity."

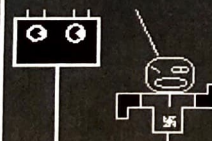
Jessica suddenly realized that there was something she desperately needed to do in the next room and ran off. Herbert seized his hygiene regimen and returned to master staring. The old man stared back, seizing Herbert's gaze. After a few moments Herbert averted his gaze, noticing a mosquito that would soon require barking.

"Can't even stare down an old man. Godamnitt, when are you going to learn some self-respect and kill me. It wouldn't be hard, and I'd make a fine meal."

Deciding that this was not the day he was fated to die, the old man got up so he could take Herbert for a walk down to the newspaper stand and perhaps yell at the attendant. Noticing his master's movement, Herbert followed excitedly. This was turning out to be a very interesting day.



I'm a performance artist.

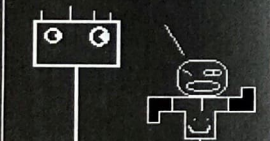


Screamin' Steven

SOOOOOOOOOO?!?



Now I'm not.



by B.F. Thompson

# GABE MADE UP HIS GIRLFRIEND. SHE'S FAKE.

You liberals are such a foolish lot. All last semester I reminded you not to be dolts, and how do you repay me? By plastering the campus with posters warning us that Hampshire is at risk of—gasp!—getting money from businesses. That's right—our school needs money to stay open! But seeing as I wrote about that numerous times last semester and you still haven't gotten it, I'm declaring that particular topic a lost cause. Enjoy your fantasy-world where our school can stay open and accredited based solely on the will of the proletariat, or whatever-the-fuck.

No, I'm going to write about something else. But don't think you've escaped, oh reader on the political left—I'm not finished with you yet. This pertains to you dearly, so read on.

The other day, I was talking to a friend of mine who is involved with a number of left-wing organizations on campus. She informed me—jokingly, but with a disturbing undercurrent of sincerity—that she may have to hate me now that I'm an *Omen* signer. I promptly informed her that I don't think that politics should come into a friendship, and that there is no reason that two people can't remain friends despite political disagreements. She concurred, albeit a bit reluctantly. Which brings me to my point. It seems to me that only left-wing individuals allow poli-

tics to decide who their friends can be. I'm more conservative than the average Hampshire bear, and I don't give half a damn about the political views of my colleagues. I dare say I disagree with all of them on some issue or other, most of which others in the country have killed or died for. But that doesn't come into the matter. Politics do not make a human being, and it is humanness that makes a friendship.

But witness, if you will, the word "comrade." It is often used as a term of friendship between more extreme left-wing folk, but it doesn't denote a real friendship. Rather, it refers to a relationship contingent on politics—"comrade" means "you are my friend, until your views come into conflict with mine." Humanness here is determined by whether or not the other individual supports the revolution, and if so, whose revolution they support. Friendship still depends on humanness, but humanness, for some, depends on politics. And that is a thoroughly inhuman view.

This is related, I think, to the hatred many on the extreme left (and, of course, on this campus) feel toward the police. Even in high school, when I was a left-wing radical myself, this attitude was utterly incomprehensible to me. People who decry judging people by the color of their skin will, in the same breath,

BY GABRIEL (GVEEMHILL) MCKEE

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## Music For Comatose People



# RONALD REAGAN ROCKS MY DREAMS

BY CHRISTINE FERNSENER ESQ. LAOW

I've always been plagued with school-related dreams. All through high school I had terrible nightmares about pop quizzes and showing up for homeroom with no shoes on—sometimes even no socks. And now I really hope I'm not the only student here whose professors show up in her dreams. (But seriously, who wouldn't want Alan Hodder & Bob Meagher, the Ernie & Bert of religion professors, to hang out in one's subconscious?)

October 1998: I dreamed I was sitting on a squishy chair in the Airport Lounge late at night. On the couch to my left were two other students, about my age, one male and one female. In chairs across from us were Alan Hodder (my advisor) and a woman I didn't recognize. A fire alarm went off, and there were flames, and we had to get out of the building. The other two students were trapped, but The Woman wouldn't let me go back to save them. A minute later Alan & The Woman & I were outside, walking across the empty library parking lot, headed for someone's car. Two children, a boy and a girl, appeared. They were dressed in shining white gowns and singing angelically. They seemed to be gliding just above the pavement. The two beautiful children approached us slowly, until they were within a convenient range to fly at The Woman with their mouths wide open and full of white light. I think they were devouring her, but that's when I woke up.

November 1999: I was at my Amherst class, Popular Religion, taught by Susan Niditch & Alec Irwin. On my way out, I stopped to ask Alec about an assignment or the syllabus or something, and he told me to ask the T.A. I found the T.A. standing just outside the classroom. The T.A. was sort of an angel, and quite androgynous. He/she/it could only communicate the information I needed via long, androgynous kisses. Fortunately no one else was in the hall.



...Those are two of the interesting ones. Nowadays I just have tedious dreams about overdue papers. I wake up in a panic and take an hour or two to realize that the unwritten papers were never assigned in the first place. Music Reviews Hastily Typed Whilst Drunk People Ask Me Where They Can Find The Bathroom They're Standing

Right Next To:

*Master Musicians of Jajouka featuring Bachir Attar* produced by Talvin Singh (Point Music / Universal): Ambient electronic and traditional Arab music got married and had really attractive babies.

Eleni Mandell, *Thrill* (Space Baby): Polly Jean Harvey and Tom Waits had a sloppy one-night stand and left the offspring on a doorstep with only an acoustic guitar.

Mojave 3, *Excuses For Travellers* (4AD): Sweetly depressed folk-rock that doesn't easily lend itself to awkward genealogical metaphors.

A.P.P.L.E., *All Punks Please Leave Earth* (Broken Rekids)

Dear A.P.P.L.E.,  
I try and I try and I just can't make you happy. I've been out of office and legally insane from Alzheimer's for years, and yet you release this live album with this vicious song about impeaching me. You sing about how I've violated all your constitutional rights. And then you're all like, the Constitution was written by patriarchal racists. I just can't win.

Love, Ronald  
P.S. You have no business covering "Where Have All The Flowers Gone".

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## RONALD REAGAN ROCKS...

## continuations

FROM LAST PAGE

Christine says: A.P.P.L.E. Earth" and "Autonomy Pacifism Peace Liberty Equality," / *Unquestioned conformity has got to go* / *The liberation of the mind is the liberation of humankind.* Fortunately every glorious syllable of it is printed in the liner notes, just in case you need to know how many words rhyme with "ate."



## GABE'S GIRLFRIEND...

## continuations

FROM PAGE 17

strip away someone's right to live based on the color of a uniform. I recall a poster I saw last year at a UMass bus stop that supported freeing Mumia Abu-Jamal, and gave some reasons for this. But those reasons didn't include Mumia being innocent, or the death penalty being unjust. The poster said, flat-out, that killing those who do bad things—are not pigs. They are living, breathing human beings—perhaps often flawed human beings, but who isn't?—with lives that extend far beyond the duties of their jobs. Anyone who thinks differently is worse than a racist. And that's the reigning attitude, here. It's alright to hate people, to declare them unfit to attend this school, to say the world would be better if they were dead—all based on what extracurricular activities they participate in. Well, fuck that. It's sad that accepting others as human beings is a politically conservative move in this environment. It shouldn't be political at all—it should just be common sense. But if your politics—on the surface making claims that their goal is the equality of humankind—must be based on hatred, then what the hell good are they?



## nihilistic translations

BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK

Dilbert By Scott Adams



I have at last found LOVE on the INTERNET. Life has meaning again! JOY!

Disgusting IDIOT. I now show you the thing you "love."

Hi there. I am a RAPIST possessing NO charisma.

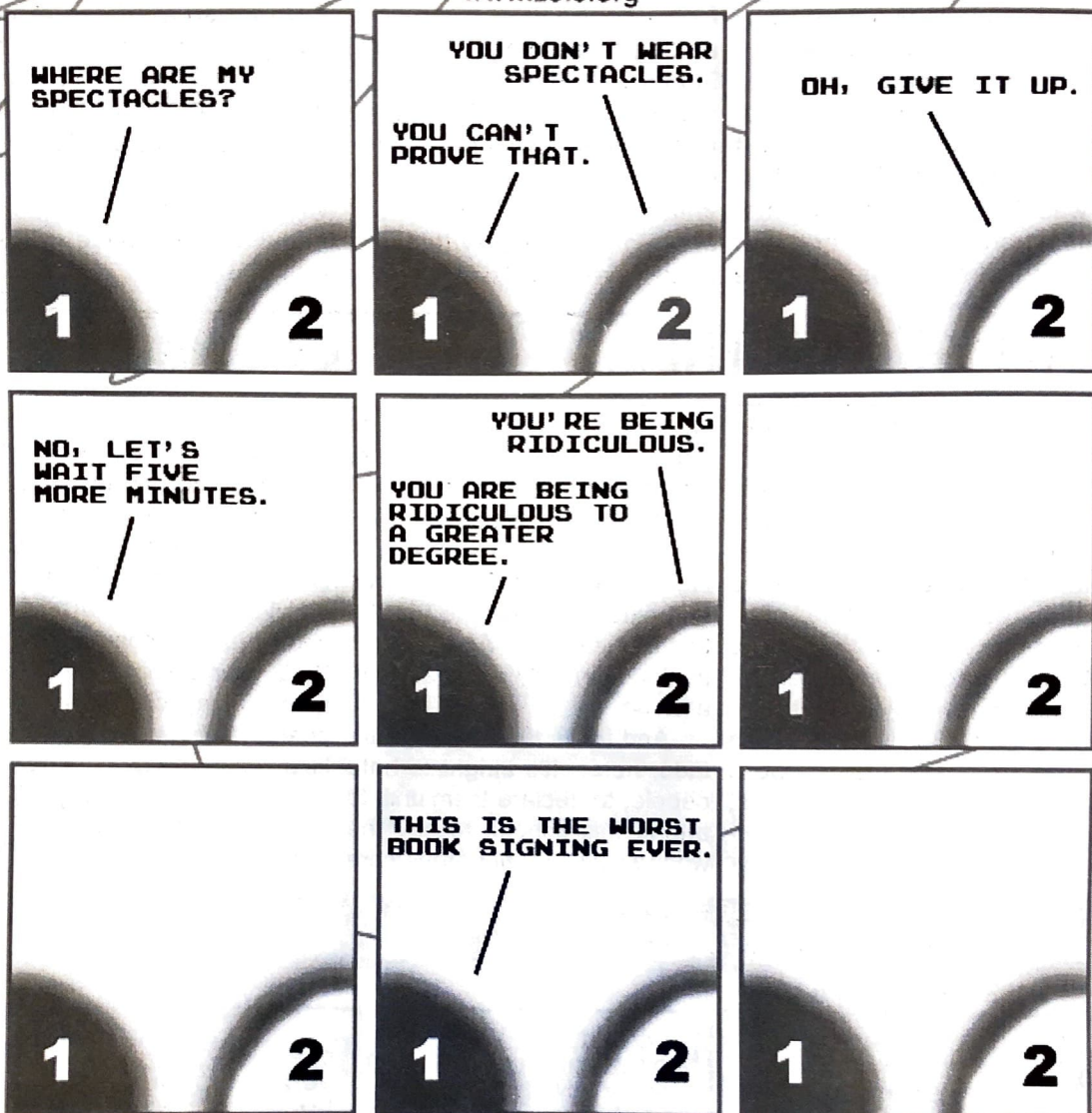
You are also ugly! LIKE MY DREAMS!



# DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST VI

\* by M. Zole \*

www.zole.org



## SECRETS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT

by j wilder konschak

non-pet

pet

native

stripper

female

male

ruler



## Social Hierarchy Explained:

(see chart above)

One can easily determine one's social standing by carefully observing how clothed one normally is. If one has a lot of clothes, one is well off. If one has limited coverage, one has limited status.